

"Hark we sing to praise the Lord" <sup>my</sup>  
By Miss Caroline Sampson

Hark we sing to praise the Lord;  
Listen now, listen now.

Hark we sing to praise the Lord,  
With our infant lays.

He who once lay in a manger,  
Now enthroned on high Redemer,  
With a father's love hath said,  
Hed accept our praise.

"Let young children come to me" {  
"I read said Jesus said;

And forbid them not.

"For of such" the Savior told them,  
"Is composed my heavenly Kingdom.  
What I prepared straight it is  
Christ forgot us not.

"Let us love, & now ador;  
Love him now, love him now.

On our youth straighten to.

Let us never grieve our Savior,  
Who hath died to win us favor.

Ah! this thought should melt our hearts,  
Children's hearts can melt.

(This fourth verse need be sung only at celebrations.)

III

But we'll have a joyous song,  
Joyous song, joyous song;  
But we'll have a joyous song  
For our Sibille.

Jesus lived & reigns for ever;  
This will make us joyous now;  
Savior, hear this praise to thee,  
Who humbled me.

"I dearly love a little child."  
Sung with feeling.      Air: "Derry Down" from Jane of S. C.  
"I dearly love a little child," in "Southern Hymn"  
and Jesus loves young children too;  
He loves them sweetly, kindly.

And places them with his clover few  
Men cradled on its mother's breast;  
A babe was brought to Jesus' feet;  
He laid his hands upon its head,  
And blessed it with a promise sweet.  
"Forbid them not," the Savior said,

"I suffer them to come to me."  
Of such my heavenly Kingdom is,

Who trumpet all my followers be,  
Young children are the gems of earth,

The brightest jewels, no other have;  
They sparkle on the strapping breast,  
But brighter shine beyond the grave.

"We are the  
"middle-  
"class."